おかゆまさき
撲殺天使
ドクロちゃん
電撃文庫

Bokusatsu Tenshi Dokuro-chan - Volume 01 Chapter 00-02 (Incomplete)

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Illustrations

These are the novel illustrations that were included in volume 1

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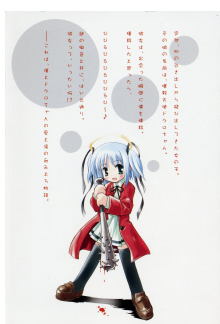
  Front cover

- 

  Insert 1

Prologue

Prologue [edit]

My name is Kusakabe Sakura.

I don't have many talents, and I look like a plain, ordinary guy currently in my second year of junior high.

Come on, mock me! I know you want to! (Mock all you wish!)

As far as I'm concerned, the one thing I always hated (and was made fun of) was my name.

Because "Sakura" sounded too girlish, I've always been frustrated over it, like a spoilt little child.

But, now, I couldn't care less any more.

And the one who caused me to realize that is currently living in my house right now.

Today, I knocked before entering my room again, as usual.

Because my room did not belong to me myself alone.

And, right now, a small, petite, cute-looking girl, about my age, was in the middle of changing in my room.

Needless to say, I saw everything she and every other girl had that I didn't. And, naturally…

"……!"

"……!"

… We both screamed simultaneously.

“Nooooooooooooooo!”

“Ahhhhhh! Dokuro-chan, I didn’t….”

My sentence was broken by a huge, metallic spiked club in the girl’s hands before I could even finish it.

“Waaaaaaaaaah!!”

The sound of her scream was accompanied by the gushing of brain juices and splattering eyeballs.

Not to forget my severed scalp, which dully landed on the windowpane and stuck there.

Perhaps I could say that she was shy?

“Ah! I’m sorry, Sakura-kun!”

With a cute and melodic voice that would make any lolicon kidnap her without hesitation, she twirled the blood-stained club around and chanted…

“Pipirupirupirupipirupi!”

With a flash, my bloody remains magically flew from the floor and reattached themselves onto my neck, just like a video tape played in reverse.

“Come on, you promised that you wouldn’t club me to death this morning…”

I said as I caressed my newly reformed cheek.

“It’s all Sakura-kun’s fault for suddenly barging in!”

Dokuro-chan said as she covered her breasts with her left hand and wielded the spiked club in her right.

I quickly shut the door with a bang.

That day, she suddenly appeared from my drawer.

Don’t be surprised by what I tell you!

She’s, in fact, an angel from the future!

You don’t believe me? Well, I found it hard to believe, too.

Well, if you’re asking for evidence, there’s that shiny halo above her head (which is as sharp as a samurai’s katana, I might add).

Her name is Dokuro-chan.

Her weapon is that terrifying club covered with spikes, the ‘Massacring Rod, Excalibolg’.

But, even if I were clubbed to death with it, I wouldn’t die (even if I wanted to!). Strange, isn’t it?

On her smooth and shiny back, there was a tattoo of a dragon lunging for the sky.

On the dragon’s back were the words, “Angel in life, angel in death,” tattooed in black (It’s what I noticed when she was bathing).

And she insists that her favourite food is Dorayaki.

And, with that, my otherwise normal, average life was turned upside down.

This is my heart-warming, tear-inducing, blood-stained story of Dokuro-chan and me.

Chapter 1

Status: Incomplete

25% completed (estimated)

The place? A random house located in Japan.

(Even though it was my house)

The story? A boy (me) and an angel (Dokuro-chan), sitting together in a room covered with Tatami mats.

"Hey, Sakura-kun!"

"Yeah?"

The smell of my mother (age 38 this year) cooking curry drifted into the room. The sun was setting in the west. It seemed that the time was dusk.

I was sitting in the television room next to the kitchen, trying my best to finish up my homework before dinner. The table was sprawled full with books.

"What are you doing?"

Asked Dokuro-chan with her angelic voice, as she suddenly cuddled me from behind.

Her love for me was always very passionate.

"It... It's obvious, isn't it? I'm trying to do my homework..."

My voice was trembling at that point.

"Eh~~ Home~ work~? Ahahahahahahahahahahahaha~"

"A-A-Ahhhhhhhhh! Dokuro-chan! Don't grip my neck like that! You're gonna crush my windpipe! Mom, help me! I'm about to be strangled to death by Dokuro-chan!!"

You see, Dokuro-chan's love for me was always very passionate.

In fact, it was so passionate, it was sometimes lethal.

"Why does Sakura-kun have to do his homework?"

"Huh?"

"You have me here, don't you..."

Said Dokuro-chan after she released my throat from her vice-grip, as she turned to look at me with tear-filled eyes.

"Dokuro-chan, what do you mean?"

I said as I glanced in the mirror hanging on the wall, noticing a wound similar to that of being lashed at with a whip on my neck.

"I came all the way from the future for Sakura-kun, and all you can think about is studying?"

"Ah, do you mean to tell me that you'll do my homework for me?"

"Of course not, you idiot!"

Swoosh~

A slicing gust of wind ripped across my forehead, as blood trickled down from a freshly opened wound.

Dokuro-chan had just swept the massacring rod, Excalibolg, at me.

If I hadn't pulled my head back a moment ago, I think my brains

would have been splattered over the room right now.

"My sources clearly tell me that Sakura-kun always forgot to do his homework and was punished to stand in the hallways, in addition to frequently getting zeros in exams every time!"

"Huh? But I've never gotten a single zero in my life!"

"Here, look at this!"

Dokuro-chan twirled her massacring rod through the air, and, using her angelic powers, conjured a pile of manga from thin air.

"Look! You definitely look like this boy here!"

"No matter what you say, Dokuro-chan... This is just a story from a manga! Just like those stories where a girl arrives from an alternate dimension or something! But, I gotta admit, you sure do get a lot of stereotypical, wimpy, male character leads in such stories..."

"Hmm, okay, then! Why not we play a game, then? Should we play poker, or Shiritori?"

"No, thank you. Such games aren't fun when played with two individuals..."

"Okay, I'll start! T-back!"

"Ku? Hmm, let's see.... Ku.... Hey! Didn't I just say I didn't want to play Shiritori? And this is the real world, isn't it? It's different from your world in manga!"

"Then, what should we do?"

"Dokuro-chan try to be realistic, won't you? Don't intertwine reality with fiction! And, please, stop brandishing Excalibolg like that!"

"Aw..."

"There's no point making a face like that!"

"Well, I can't stop hating it! Stop doing your homework and come

play with me!"

With that said, Dokuro-chan laid down spread-eagled on the floor and started beating the Tatami mats with her hands and feet.

"Woah! Dokuro-chan, don't lie down like that! I can even see your panties already! How do you expect me to do my homework like this?"

"Hmm? And why is that so?"

Dokuro-chan suddenly said as she sat up straight on the Tatami mats.

"Erm..."

Faced with such a sudden question, even I couldn't formulate a reply.

Let's get things straight. I'm a normal, healthy student who's in his 2nd year of high school.

Throughout a day, various images of naked women flash through my mind.

Just like any other normal guy who's just hit puberty, I can't stop fantasizing about perverted stuff every three seconds.

Especially when a beautiful girl just suddenly appears and decides to sleep in my room, it's easy to lose control of my mind once in a while.

(I can only curse the fact that she's sleeping in the cupboard instead of beside me.)

And, of course, seeing Dokuro-chan's panties were nothing extraordinary – all in a day's work.

If I had to say something, it was that ever since Dokuro-chan appeared in my house, my life had gone through a tremendous change.

But, of course, there were things Dokuro-chan didn't know of.

Sitting down and slowly explaining everything to Dokuro-chan was something that a pure, innocent boy like me was just not capable of.

"....."

My face turned beet-red as I lowered my head.

The thing that troubled me most was, Dokuro-chan seemed to find nothing wrong about it.

"Ah, I see... So, if I do this, Sakura-kun won't do his homework anymore..."

With that said, Dokuro-chan slowly began to pull up her dress.

OH. MY. GOD.

"D-D-Dokuro-chan.... (Insert gulping sound here), s-s-stop...."

"Hehe~~"

Dokuro-chan continued to pull her dress upwards, revealing her skull-emblazoned panties. Along with her cute little belly-button, her amazing curves, and her shiny hip bones...

OHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGODOHMYGOD!

How the hell did Dokuro-chan's innocent smile turn so seductive?

And, above my head, my sense of reasoning took the form of an angel holding up a sign reading, "Stop looking!," while my lust morphed into a seductive angel (who else but Dokuro-chan?) bearing a signboard saying, "Keep looking!"

Just as Dokuro-chan had thrown sand into the eyes of my sense of reasoning and was about to club it to death with Excalibolg...

"I'm back!"

... My father came home!

My father (39 this year) was going to step into the television room any second now!

If he witnessed this situation...

It would be worse than the time my parents caught me watching late-night adult shows on television!

I quickly screamed to Dokuro-chan while trying to keep my voice as low as possible:

"All right all right! I won't do my homework anymore! I'll ignore it completely, so, please, stop, Dokuro-chan!"

"That's great!"

Just as Dokuro-chan released her dress, my father stepped into the room.

"Sakura, I'm back. Ah, doing your homework I see, that's good!"

"Welcome back, uncle~"

"I'm back, Dokuro-chan! Be sure to keep an eye on Sakura while does his homework!"

"I will~~"

Dokuro-chan had previously used her angelic powers (conjuring a pile of cash from thin air) to persuade my mother and father into accepting her as a family member.

Oh, and, by the way, Dokuro-chan had used her angelic powers to turn herself into a "relative's daughter who was staying with us". Before this, she had attempted to become "a daughter my mother had in secret before she was married" but, fortunately, decided against this idea.

"Then, let's tidy up the table and watch some television!"

With that said, Dokuro-chan swept all my notes and textbooks to one side, and proceeded to sit beside me and switch the television.

If this continues on... If this continues on...

I'm sure to become a useless bum!

(~25%)

This is the story of Dokuro the angel, and a human, me, filled with love, sensation, and blood.

Chapter 2

Chapter Two - The New Heavenly Theatre! Dokuro-chan! [edit]

0 [edit]

It was real.

Until very recently, I really was an extremely normal second year junior high school student who gets up at six forty-five in the morning, gets into bed by eleven at night, and enjoys reading books thirty minutes before going to sleep.

To completely destroy such a simple life of mine… Yes, it was a day with such perfect weather, and on some night where nothing happened.

I was in my own room (size of six tatamis) turned towards my desk to do my homework. At that instant, the desk drawer suddenly flew out aggressively.

My chest was badly hit, and I flew backwards together with my chair.

And then, “Bang” came the sound of the drawer, and from it came a very cute looking girl with a golden halo over her head.

The girl claimed to be an angel from the future called Dokuro, here to protect me.

With a sound of “squeak”[unsure the actual sound], her whole body emerged from the drawer, and she looked at me, who lay flat on the ground. I was looking up at the ceiling, white foam coming out of my mouth.

She then widened her eyes like a girl who had spotted a strawberry cake wrapped in plastic on the kitchen table, and showed a beautiful smile.

I swallowed back my white foam and took in a deep breath, so deep that even goose bumps appeared. To suddenly be smiled at and watched by a girl that seemed to have just popped out from his own fantasies, there should be no man in this world who wouldn't be stunned by this scene.

With watery, big eyes, a cheek that looked like it would be soft, firm, and cooling forever, an appearance that looked pure and innocent, and a "nice body"[in actual English terms] that could be seen, even through her clothes----

Dokuro's mini skirt suddenly drifted, and she jumped out from the drawer. That "Thing" that I saw at that time, I would probably never forget it for the rest of my life.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

I screamed out, without noticing. That aqua-blue-striped pattern has stood fresh within my memories up till now.

"Oh, no!!"

Dokuro blushed and quickly put her hand over her skirt to cover it.

And then----

"Huh……?"

She pulled a seemingly heavy "spiked steel baseball bat" directly from above, and then swept it downwards with all her might onto the face of the person she had met for the first time, me.

With a "Splat!", that murder weapon darkened my vision, smashed my nose bone, and ripped off my face. Something seemed to gush out and hit the ceiling, "Pat….."[sounds like rain hitting a roof? What's the actual sound?] The realistic sound effects sounded across the room.

I fell onto the floor from my original position with a “Bam”. The tunnel of light I saw then, I can never forget it my entire life, even if I want to.

“Ahhhhh……! Sor, Sorry!!”

The girl that landed on the tatami like a feather, used a cute voice that I would want to record down on tape to shriek, and then-----

♪ Pipirupirupirupipirupi～ ♫

She raised that steel baseball bat with spikes all over “Bokusatsu kanabo(murdering spiked club) --- Excalibolg.” and started dancing like she was waving a magical wand.

Following that, my face, which was smashed in, expanded bit by bit under the magical light, just like a sponge cake being toasted in an oven, and finally, returned to its original state.

“Wa……Wah!?”

I shook my confused head as I crawled backwards to the wall.

I looked at the girl, who had a superbly cute smile and a halo over her head, once more and that steel club that could be seen as the gatekeeper of Hell in her hand.

As she tugged it along, the angelic girl showed a cheerful smile, and came over to look at me. Unable to turn my eyes away from her, a thought came to my mind----

“What is going to happen to me from now on?”

---

1 [edit]

It is Sunday today.

The time is in the early morning, when one can hear the beautiful chirping sounds of the birds. I woke up from the ringing of the alarm clock as I always do.

“Hmm…… Ah……”

I murmured as I stretched my back lazily, stretched my hand out to switch my alarm clock off and rubbed my eyes under the dim shades of light coming in through the curtains. Upon confirming the time on the clock, I opened my mouth..

”This cannot be……!!”

My solid back began to sweat with a “poof”[unsure of actual sound] as the time on the clock showed eleven in the morning.

“Hmmmm……Hm…… Sakura-kun, You---- Are---- So----- Noisy----- ……”

Following that, I heard the sleepy and coarse yet tender voice of Dokuro by my ear.

“AH! Sorry Dokuro-chan, waking you up……”

“Huh-----!? By my ear!?”

This moist sweet scent that is coming into my nose, could this be the scent of a girl who just woke up? And right in front of my eyes was an angel halo.

“Huh------!! Do, Dokuro-chan……!!”

The scream in the room six tatami big was swallowed back forcefully as I covered my mouth. This was because Mom and Dad should be on the first floor. If they saw this scene early in the morning, they are sure to think that I am a precocious son!

“How did this……”

The warmth of the bed, no, the “Heat”, does not belong to me alone. That’s right, Dokuro, who usually sleeps in the wall wardrobe [built-in wardrobe] is now sleeping soundly beside me.

Wearing a big white shirt as pajamas, Dokuro curls up like a little kitten, with her eyes closed, and puts her fist next to her mouth.

“Ermmmmm…… Sakura-kun……?” Dokuro murmured as she opened her eyes slightly.

And, perhaps because button shirt-types of pajamas make one uncomfortable, the top two buttons were already open……!!

(Gah……!!)

Under the blanket, my body froze to a scale of ten in Moh’s scale of mineral hardness just like that. (Note: a scale set by German mineralogist Friedrich Mohs [actual text misspelled as Frederich Mohs], and the scale of ten meaning the hardness of diamond) This angel is so much cuter than an American short-furred cat.

Sweat came out in all directions and my back was dripping wet in an instant.

As long, as long as a young girl stays under the same roof as a boy, this kind of situation is likely to happen. In actual fact, in the life between Dokuro and me, many different kinds of things happen, like, unintentional contacts of flesh are a common thing. But that does not mean that this, this kind of thing is allowed! I am still…… I am still only a second year junior high student……!

I gathered all my strength at my throat and swallowed.

No, perhaps I should say that I am a second year junior high student already……

Just at this moment-----

“Hmm……”

Dokuro used her arm to pull me to her side.

“Ah……?”

And then, warmth, softness and helplessness, excitement all came together in a “Gunu～”[咕扭～] or a “Pu～”[噗咻～] manner, towards the part of my body where all the nerves are connected to.

And at that instant!

(Ahhhhhhhhhh!)

My whole body was occupied by the “revolution army”. They were armed and rioting all together. “Fellow comrades, rise!” “No, you cannot do that!” I shouted to the sergeant. “You cannot stand up!!” However, the armed citizens from my side refused to obey! Why!? Is it because I am just a boy?

“Sa…ku…ra…kun…”

The sweet and coarse voice’s soft mumblings could be heard.

Not only that, Dokuro’s arms went around my waist and further tightened their grip.

“N-No! Dokuro-chan! We are still……Ahhhh! But……! ……Huh!?”

I, together with the revolution army within, gave out our victory cries of “Oh------!!” And at that moment------

“Wah------! It is coming out! There is something that is coming out------!”

Dokuro used all her might to strangle my body, as though she was squeezing toothpaste out of a tube.

“Dokuro-chan! Dokuro-chan! There is something in my body that is about to be squeezed out from an unnatural hole!!”

”Hmmmmm……? Ah, good morning, Sakura-kun……”

”Let me go……!! Let me go quickly before I die!!”

“Ah! Why did Sakura-kun come into my blankets……!”

“That’s not true! Dokuro-chan is the one who went into my blanket……!”

At the moment as I was shouting at Dokuro with my vision being dim at times, while clear at others------

＜Bang!＞

Dokuro stretched out her right hand in order to push me away, in her hand was the spiked club Excalibolg, stained with dark red pieces of meat and bone shards.

The pieces of my upper body flew and splattered onto the walls of the room, the still warm blanket was stained red with blood, the fresh blood was even soaked into the cotton in the blanket.

“Ahhh…… Sakura-kun……!!”

Dokuro waved Excalibolg round and round as though she was waving a magical item.

Pipirupirupiru……!

The magical light from the spiked club spread across the room with the size of six tatamis, then Dokuro suddenly……

Pipiru……Z Z Z Z Z……

Just like that, Dokuro fell asleep in the middle of the spell.

“Ahhhhhhh! Dokuro-chan! Please, I beg of you, don’t stop half way! Wake up! Wake up quickly! Dokuro-chan! Ah, huh……? Something doesn’t seem right!? My body, how come it is like……like I became another person! Ah! This is not Perry (Note: Ambassador of America Matthew Calbraith Perry, led four battle cruisers to Nagasaki port in the year 1853, requesting Japan to drop its Sakoku (disallows people to enter or leave Japan check wiki for more information)), is it!? Change me back quickly!”

I shook Dokuro’s body continuously.

“Ah, sorry……”

Dokuro waved the spiked club half awake, half sleeping.

Pi---……

“Huu……(sound of soft breathing)”

“Wah……Wah……Wah……”

I twisted my body, kicked the blanket away, and got out from my little nest. Then I checked my face and body with a mirror while looking at Dokuro, who was sleeping soundly.

Dokuro puts on a cute sleeping face that looks as though nothing has happened, and stuffs her face into the pillow.

There is nothing I can do about her. Every holiday, Dokuro will always sleep until around two in the afternoon like some useless creature.

However, that is the key factor to my plans today.

The title is “The F.I.G.H.T for a Date Without Dokuro!” (Special effects for the wordings appear) And the person to date is of course, Shizuki.

This is an extremely good plan using Dokuro’s habit of sleeping until the late afternoon.

…… Oh no. This is not the time to be here doing this kind of thing! The scheduled meeting time is eleven, I will definitely be late if I continue to waste my time here!

I better pick up my pace. If I am late on a day like this, then the hope of having a successful date with Shizuki today would be at the brink of destruction. And, if the plan went smoothly, maybe…… Maybe……!

I intend to wear a new pair of underwear before the meeting, as this shows the pride of men.

Pulling down my underwear aggressively, as I was about to take it off, I suddenly recalled Dokuro, who was sleeping at the side untidily dressed.

I pull my underwear back up quickly.

Even though Dokuro is still in a deep slumber, I still feel embarrassed to change just beside her.

Looking closer, the soundly sleeping Dokuro’s pajamas were shifted

due to her rough sleeping habits, so much so that her belly button was exposed.

I surrender. If she is left alone, Dokuro might get flu from her exposed tummy. Planning to leave Dokuro in the room and venture into the new world alone, I could not bring myself to leave her like this. Even if I can forgive myself, I cannot escape my own conscience. Hmph, that's right, this is only natural. If I do not help Dokuro pull her pajamas back in place, Dokuro would get chilled.

Just like a chant, my mouth mumbles, and I reached towards Dokuro's messy pajamas, and right at this moment------

2 [edit]

"Don't do it, Sakura-kun! You must not do that!"

Out of the blue, a male voice that was as coarse as a crow's shriek sounded across the room that is six tatami big.

I maintained the squatting "Ready----!" posture that one would have for a hundred meter sprint race, "shuwah" and turned my neck a hundred and eighty degrees to face where the voice came from.

Something flew out from the open wall wardrobe.

It was a big lock of moving pink Mohawk hair.

That Mohawk hair protrudes out of an angel halo that seems to be squeezing the hair tightly. His eyelids, lips, ears, nose, anywhere that you can make a hole at has earrings attached. Showing off his two skinny and dry arms, that suspicious character was wriggling out of the upper compartment of the wall wardrobe.

"Even if it is a moment of rashness of a young teenager, it is still too early! YOU two are still only second year junior high students!"

The lower half of this weirdo is connected with the monitor that Dokuro randomly installed in the wall wardrobe.

"……Huh?" I opened my mouth to ask."Who are you?"

“ME?”

That man hurriedly used his right hand to grab his shoulder as if he was hugging himself, used his crossed left hand to cover his face and looked at me between the gaps between his fingers.

“……Listen carefully, ME name is------“

”Bang!” [Sound of sliding door closed suddenly, what is the sound?]

I closed the door of the wall wardrobe.

＜Knock knock knock knock＞ (Sound of someone knocking on the wall wardrobe) “Open the door! Sakura-kun, ME is Dokuro-chan’s friend------“ ＜Knock knock knock knock＞

I just won’t open it.

“Ah…… This is Dokuro-chan’s panties…… Woah! Dokuro-chan wears this kind of stuff? (a muffled voice came from the inside of the wall wardrobe)”

＜Slid!＞ [sound of sliding door opening, what is the sound?]

“What is the matter?”

”It is so good to have opened the door, Sakura-kun. ME have a premonition, ME and YOU will become good friends. ME is Dokuro-chan’s friend, name is “Zansu”. Sakura-kun? Hey Sakura-kun! Why are YOU crawling into the wall wardrobe? Relax, don’t press onto my face as you breathe heavily!.....Ah ah! No! Sakura-kun, STOP……!!”

Zansu grabbed onto my arms desperately from the back.

“STOP! Sakura-kun……!! Don’t challenge at the most sensitive spot! Don’t wriggle your fingers! That might make Dokuro-chan jump up from her bed maybe, but the one to suffer would be YOU body!!”

I was struggling as I said,

“I want to suffer! I hope my body suffers!!”

“Your left ear is already giving off golden colored steam, what are you still saying! No means no! ME will never let Sakura-kun suffer the same way I did!”

I stop struggling, and turn my head back at Zansu to ask.

“Let Sakura-kun…… suffer the same way?”

“……!?”

Under my gaze, Zansu widens his deep crimson eyes. His sweating neck and trembling Mohawk hair waves to the sides slightly……

“……Is, is something wrong……?”

“Ah, that is Zansu…… So you touched Dokuro-chan before……”

“Don’t, don’t talk nonsense without reason……!”

“That cannot be helped…… It is Dokuro-chan’s busts……”

“What do you mean by cannot be helped!! And, don’t use the word “busts”……!!”

“Logic would have flew out of one’s mind……”

“Logic flew nowhere!! Don’t judge things based on your baseless accusations!!”

“It is a misunderstanding, Sakura-kun! YOU misunderstood! That, that was an accident!..... Yes! An accident……! ME is innocent! Even though I am innocent, but Dokuro-chan still……!! To the innocent ME, Dokuro-chan still……!”

“I wish I could believe what you said……, I thought…… we could be friends……”

“Wait, wait a minute! Sakura-kun!!”

“…… Go back! That is enough…… Please just go back! I am telling you to go back now!!”

I shake Zansu off, and forcefully slam the paper door shut.

“Ouch, ouch! It hit me, it hit me! Why did YOU close the door with ME inside! That is wrong! ME came here today to tell YOU something! Please, please, how about just listening to what ME has to say?”

This suspicious character that seems like he would be blown off if the main character so much as flings his fingers at him, was looking at me with red teary eyes.

“Please don’t stare at me like that……!!”

Still stuck between the doors, Zansu looked away and said to me,

“YOU think that it is okay for the things to be this way!? The only ones to protect YOU from the harm from “Rurutie order” are Dokuro-chan and ME……!”

The hands which I used to close the door of the wall wardrobe…… lost their strength suddenly.

“Dokuro-chan will safeguard your safety, so ME hope Sakura-kun will never leave Dokuro-chan’s side to act alone!”

“What------?”

“What is the matter? Don’t put up such an unpleasant ugly face!!”

“But------“

“But what! ME has told you many times, YOU are being attacked by the Rurutie order!! That is such a grave matter, do YOU understand? That is a very grave matter!!”

“That is the thing! Because of this, that is why I cannot trust you!”

I raised my tone without realizing it.

“Cannot trust……?”

“It doesn’t make sense to ask me to trust you two! Saying that I would invent some immortal medicine in the future, so I must be eliminated in this time…… That is something that only happens in

manga, isn't it?"

"The Rurutie order will never let any human step into the boundaries of God, and, YOU invention will make all females stay at the age of twelve, known as ___, and the side effect of this medicine is immortality."

"That is what makes it hardest to believe! Because there is no way I would do such a thing!!"

"What is the chromosome that only males have that females do not?"

"Y chromosome."

"See! YOU are the criminal!"

"What is the meaning of this! I simply remembered what we were taught in class recently that's all! Don't make a fool out of me!"

I begin to push the upper half of the man into the screen.

"Ouch! What are you doing! YOU really intend to do something to Dokuro-chan at this period of time? ME won't allow it!"

"Then take her with you!"

"That is impossible! Ah……! Ouch! Ouch! Don't pinch me! Don't pinch me------!"

After squeezing the Mohawk head into the screen roughly, I took up the tape at the side and sealed the screen over and over again with several layers.

"What is that all about, geez……"

Don't joke around, I am just about to go on a date with Shizuki.

Ah!! Date……!!

What kind of morning is this? I hurriedly jump off the wall wardrobe, start taking off my clothes without thinking and directly

toss them aside.

All because of Dokuro, I was about to be late for the date. If Dokuro insists on coming with me, just the thought of that makes cold sweat come out from me.

After changing, I opened the curtains that allow sunlight to seep through as usual------

“How glaring……(Dokuro)”

And I closed them immediately.

3 [edit]

It was totally unexpected.

If it weren’t for that, I would most probably be unable to have this date.

Shizuki’s full name is Shizuki Minakami. This date was set last Friday at lunch time.

I was in my seat in class reading a magazine. Passing by me, and then stopping, Shizuki turned to look at me, suddenly pointed at the movie review posted on the magazine and said to me,

“Sakura-kun, that, are you going to watch it?”

Because it was so sudden, I answered her without thinking.

“How about we go watch it on Sunday?”

Shizuki replied,

“Sure.”

I suspect my ears. Because Shizuki’s “sure” was as natural as “can you help me get that sauce?”, “sure”.

And so I became the one who invited her.

Ever since then, my pure and lonely heart, as though it wants to jump out of my mouth for everyone to touch, was beating very hard and quickly. (Come on…… Touch me…… Oh, oh------!..... More, oh!)

But-------

That me, is now standing at the edge of a cliff.

“Sorry! Coming, coming through!!”

I dashed up the escalator and slid into the station’s north entrance while panting and, following that, raised my head to look at the clock on the station wall.

The scheduled time was eleven sharp, it is now over twenty minutes past the scheduled time.

“Shi-Shizuki-chan……”

I stood beside the big pillar in front of the station where we agreed to meet.

There was no one.

I walked, panicking, around the pillar, but there was still no one.

I grabbed that head of mine that began to sweat due to unease and worry. Could, could it be that Shizuki went back in a fit of anger……!

“My God……!”

The earth surface collapsed in a moment, and I flowed away on a journey to the ocean together with the polluted waters. A big group of “Yaho spirits” surrounded me and attempted to lure me into some place as far as India, and at that moment------

“Guess who I am.”

The instant a girl’s voice sounded off, my vision suddenly became a pitch black. That was because my eyes were quietly covered by a

pair of cold yet gentle hands from behind me.

“……!”

I hold my breath, these hands…… Could these hands be……

”Shizuki-chan……!?”

Unable to hide the doubtfulness to the sudden situation, I answered in response.

“Correct!”

I regain my sight with a “Pah!”[啪]. Turning my head, just before my eyes lies a face with a smile, a lively Shizuki with pouted lips.

“Sakura-kun, you are so slow! Weren’t you the one to ask me out?”

Shizuki’s hair is as usual, separated into two bundles and tied with aqua blue bands. Wearing a western jean set with sports shoes, the feeling she gives is slightly different from when she is wearing her uniform. This perfect yet calm Shizuki made me feel even more nervous.

“Sor-sorry, Shizuki-chan! Bec-because the train that comes on holidays……”

Under Shizuki’s sharp eyes, I sprouted nonsense, nervously trying to explain myself. (The truth was that this morning when I woke up I found Dokuro sleeping beside me, and then some things happened with a man with a Mohawk hairstyle, but these things must not be revealed even if my butt is split open. I even realized that Dokuro had changed the time on the alarm clock according to "Waratte Litomo" ("It's OK to Laugh", a Japanese comedy show.)

“You------ Are------ Lying------! Nevermind.”

Shizuki gives a smile as like a blossoming flower.

“This is the first time I’ve seen Sakura-kun in such panic.”

“Is, is that so?”

“Yup, Sakura-kun is so interesting lately.”

“Is, is that the case……”

What a complicated feeling.

“Uh oh, if we don’t hurry there, the cinema may be filled up. Let’s go, Sakura-kun.”

“Yes, yes!”

I take a deep breath, and after adjusting my breathing, I nodded towards Shizuki who was giving me a cheerful smile.

A premonition that we are going into a good atmosphere. No matter the reason, Shizuki has been very kind to me since the beginning. A happiness and nervousness coming from deep within my body and soul made me understand the feeling of bliss from the bottom of my heart.

And just at this moment------

”Guess who I------ am!”

Ka![喀]

My head felt as though it was being squeezed, someone was forcefully pulling me backwards, my whole vision suddenly became a reddish black color.

I screamed out loud.

“What the------! Wahh------!!!”

Because the soft and fleshy hands that came from behind my head, suddenly grabbed my eyes with cruel and heartless strength like a tiger’s claws.

“Ouch------! It hurts hurts hurts hurts hurts!! It is almost smashed! My eyes are almost smashed into my brain!!”

”Guess who I am!”

“Dokuro-chan! Dokuro-chan!! The only one who can use a special technique like this can only be Dokuro-chan!!”

I shouted out as white foam began to come out from my mouth.

“Correct------!”

“Correct your head! This kind of thing that even a devil superman would be afraid of can only be done by Dokuro-chan! It is wrong to do something like this! My face was almost made to look like nothing, did you know that!?”

”Sakura-kun…… Are you okay?”

Shizuki seems troubled by the sudden situation, and worriedly kneels to check on me, who was lying on the floor.

“I was just a little away…... from being not okay……”

I stand up and look at Dokuro. Completely different from her pajamas, wearing a light green shirt with a cap with heart shape pattern on it, together with short shorts, Dokuro is looking at me with a shining halo above her.

I looked at Dokuro, who had her hands entangled together behind her and was looking up at me proudly, and said,

“Dokuro-chan…… For what reason and how did you come here!?”

Dokuro’s expression changed, and she answered quietly like she was sharing a secret.

“Because I remember…… Sakura-kun…… ‘s scent……”

“What! Wait, Dokuro-chan, do you know what you are saying? This kind of reply would make one misunderstand……”

“And my scent is also on Sakura-kun’s……”

“Enough! Enough! There is no need to explain further! I understand that Dokuro-chan’s nose is way better than a human’s!..... So then what is it? For what reason did you come here!?”

I pushed Shizuki behind me in protection as I questioned Dokuro.

“Sakura-kun, you forgot to bring something?”

“Forgot…… Forgot to bring something?”

I frantically search my pants pockets, I even check the pocket at my chest. Wallet, Handkerchief, and……

“N-no, everything that is needed is here…… Wha-what did I forget?”

“Here, this is it, an antidote herb.”

After Dokuro said that, she handed me an antidote herb before my eyes.

“An antidote herb!? There is no need for such a thing!! There is no poison swamp or poisonous beings in the area!”

I push the herb that Dokuro handed me back.

“Because the one who would suffer later on would be Sakura-kun, I thought that it was best to prepare one just in case!”

“Just in case” of when!”

”How can you…… I was worried about you, so I specially made a trip…… to come here……”

Dokuro’s shoulders droop purposely to hug the antidote herb, and she slowly and stiffly moves backwards. And then she places her back onto the pillar at the side, squats down to sit with her knees bent, and heavily places her face downwards. Even the angel halo seems to lose its shine.

“Sakura-kun……”

Looking at Dokuro’s depression as though she would kill herself, Shizuki worriedly pokes my hand and says softly… [it looks like some part is missing from here]

What a headache. No matter how irritating Dokuro is, I cannot just leave her like this.

“Hey, Dokuro-chan……?”

I squatted down, and said to Dokuro who had her shoulders shivering slightly.

Indeed, this idiotic angel Dokuro was worried about me. Be it an antidote herb or a Super-Kamiokande detector (Super-Kamiokande is an observatory in the city of Hida that detects and studies particles called neutrinos), she would bring it here to me. I should be happy instead.

Maybe it was that her actions in the past made me misunderstand her.

“Dokuro-chan…… Er, this antidote herb…… Thank you……”

"Hmph……”

Dokuro slightly nodded, still in her depression. The angel halo moved up and down together with it.

“But Sakura-chan doesn’t need it, right?”

My chest hurts slightly. Dokuro, who is wearing short shorts, is still in that posture, motionless. Even though I really wish she would remain in that position, I was unable to do it.

“Dokuro-chan, sorry…… I misunderstood you……”

Just at that instant I lightly placed my hand on Dokuro’s shoulder------

With a sound of “Dok pang”[咚砰], Dokuro actually fell down to the floor leaning against the pillar.

“Wha-what’s wrong with you!?”

I quickly lift her up in panic.

“Hmmm……”

Dokuro seems to have lost her energy, as though she is asleep…… Could it be……

“…… really asleep!?”

Dokuro fell asleep just like that with a sweet look on her face!

“No! Sakura-kun, you cannot do that!”

“Let me go! Let me go, Shizuki-chan! I am going to throw the halo of this dumb angel away!”

If an angel loses the shining halo above her head, something very serious will happen (they'll become weak from extreme diarrhoea).

“Damn it------!!”

“Sakura-kun, calm down! Your ears have some “sticky transparent fluid” coming out again!”

Shizuki did her best to stop me, who was in a rage, and said,

“Besides, what should we do about Dokuro-chan? We cannot just leave her here……”

“No problem! Just leaving her here will do!”

“That is too dangerous. Recently the security hasn't been that good…… and Dokuro-chan is dressed like this……”

“Hmm…… Indeed…… But I still think that Dokuro-chan herself is the most dangerous person……”

I glanced at Dokuro who was sleeping soundly with her cheek stuck to the floor of the station, troubled. It does seem irresponsible to just leave Dokuro here unattended.

Just as I scratched my head and looked at Dokuro once more, the words that came into my ears made me wonder if there was something wrong with my hearing.

“Shi-shizuki-chan? What did you just say……?”

“We have no choice, let’s bring her with us, to the cinema……”

4 [edit]

“Shizuki-chan, your medium coke.”

“Thanks.”

Shizuki places the jacket she just took off on her legs and sits on the seat to my left; on my right is Dokuro. (Who is sleeping soundly.)

This is the dark yet cooling interior of the cinema. Up front is the main screen with curtains hanging, our current location is at the centre of the seats.

After making that decision, I tried my best to wake up Dokuro, but she never regained consciousness. Without a choice, we had to hail a cab to get here.

After receiving the coke from me, Shizuki sucked on the straw immediately.

“Huh……?”

Shizuki lets go of the straw and asks,

“What is the matter? Sakura-kun? Why are you staring at me like that? Is there something on my face?”

“N-no…… Nothing……”

I quickly turn my head that was looking at Shizuki, mesmerized by her, to look forward------

“Oh….. Hmm……”

Shizuki turns to look forward as well, with a doubtful look on her face.

While I locked myself in the toilet, and as I was coming back to my

seat, I had been thinking.

How to confess to Shizuki?

Yes, that is the way.

I began to take action.

I used my fingertips to confirm the protrusion of a tiny box in my pocket.

I kept thinking.

If I do not clearly express my overflowing love for her, then this kind of heart-throbbing relationship will eventually disappear without a trace one day.

Furthermore, I have that pest Dokuro who always follows me around. I can predict that this situation will only make my relationship with Shizuki change at an accelerated rate.

So, I must take action before things go that way, and now is the time!

”Err……”

”By the way……”

Shizuki and I opened our mouths almost at the same time……! Nervousness spread through my body, we both turn simultaneously to face each other, and right before my eyes lies……

“Hmmm…… Pizzapizzapizza……” I heard Dokuro talking in her sleep. “Say it two hundred million times……?”

I try my best to remove that noise that attempts to invade my brain from my right ear! After I finally manage to chase it out through my left ear, I said to Shizuki,

“Shi-Shizuki-chan, go ahead……!”

“Why doesn’t Sakura-kun say first, what is the matter?”

At the next second, the lights in the room suddenly turned dark with a “chi”[唰] At the same time, the curtains before the big screen were all pulled away, the screen giving off a white glow.

Under the reflection of the big screen, Shizuki’s calm face began to surface from within the darkness. I opened my mouth to say,

“Errrm, Shizuki-chan------“

I use my right leg to step on my left leg, which was about to start trembling, tightly.

“Huh, what is the matter?”

At this moment, if there is one line that can express the look in Shizuki’s eyes, it would be------ very happy.

Under the stare of those eyes, my throat began to swallow.

“Shizuki-chan, actually I have always……”

On the big screen, the subtitles at the beginning of the movie begin to appear, the opening theme is also being played.

But the sound of the movie seems to drift further and further away…… Instead, from my heart, the sound within my heart seems to become louder and louder.

I begin to suspect that I am in a dream. In this dark place…… No, in the cinema with Shizuki by my side, and what I am about to do…… It seems just like in a movie. At this rate, I have no idea where I would go.

As if grabbing onto my courage, I hold the tiny box in my pocket tightly, something I prepared for this girl before me.

“Shizuki-chan……”

”What is it?”

As I gazed into the eyes of Shizuki who replied with a slight shyness in her voice, my consciousness flew to somewhere for a short while.

…… That was slightly before Dokuro appeared in this world.

On a certain holiday, Shizuki and I met by chance in a shopping plaza in the business district.

I can remember it very clearly to this day.

The location was in front of the special section for accessories.

I was just passing by, when I suddenly noticed that the girl in front of me was someone I knew. The girl was looking at one spot in the area on display.

My heart skipped a beat.

It was Shizuki.

I restrained myself from going forward to greet Shizuki, and after hesitating for a while, I came to where her eyes landed as if nothing was going on.

The silver shine and shape of the object placed there, I can remember it even more clearly now compared to back then.

I quietly take out the tiny box I held in my hand inside my pocket, and slowly------

“Actually I have always……”

As the sentence is about to gush out from my throat------

Pipipololin♫ Pipololin♪ Pipipilolo♫ Pipolilo♪ [unsure of actual ring tone]

A sixteen chord ring tone that sounds like a two year old child singing a “self created song” in a train rings across the cinema loudly.

“!?”

I froze instantly.

I had heard this tune before.

It was Dokuro's self created "Dokuro's song"……!!

The sound undoubtedly came from Dokuro who was to my right.

At the next instant, I used a super fast speed that can almost leave a visual mirage behind to do a full body search on Dokuro.

"Here it is------! (Vibrate-------)"

"That" which vibrated together with the ring tone, was found quickly in the pocket of her shirt.

Dokuro seems bothered by it and twists her body slightly, with no sign of waking up. I forcefully held back my temptation to pinch Dokuro's cheeks and see how far I could stretch them, and took out that object that was making big vibrations.

That object was not what I had expected. It was not a mobile phone, but a fifteen centimeter long, heavy, black cone shaped object. [Just for laughs, the author indicated later on that he had wanted the object to be a capsule shape, but he thought that the cone shape was the best expression for it. However, when the anime came out, he realized he was wrong, and it was too late to change it anymore ^^"]

"Wah------!"

Due to it having been removed from the pocket, the ring tone was noisier than ever. I frantically began to check the object as gazes and hushes began to come in my direction.

Dodalalala♫ Daladaladadalala♪ Dadadada,dala♫--- [unsure of actual ring tone]

Dokuro's song that suddenly broke the silence made me panic.

"No matter what I do, I just can't stop it……!"

At this moment, I accidentally used some force and made that object "Kachink" and split open from the center. Exposing a silver interior, the black cone finally stopped ringing.

“…… Phew……”

I realized that the murderous atmosphere around us was beginning to disappear, and I slowly relaxed my tight neck.

“Sa…… Sakura-kun, what is that……?” Shizuki asks me softly in an uneasy tone.

“I do not know either, but it seems like a troublesome……”

My premonition came true.

Something really came out from it.

“That was so slow, Dokuro-chan!”

It was from a tiny piece of glass that showed half the body of a man with pink Mohawk hair. He wore a thin, long pair of sunglasses, his ears and lips pierced with countless earrings, his naked upper body was covered with a black jacket.

Just like a set from the dress-up series of “bad friends the first batch”. He stops his excited hand signs and looks at my eyes dumbly.

This person is Zansu.

I push the cover back to its original position without a word.

♫Pipipololin♪ [unsure of actual ring tone]

＜Kachink＞

“Hey! Aren’t YOU Sakura-kun! Huh? Where’s Dokuro-chan?”

“Please be quiet!”

＜Kachuk＞

♪Pipipololin♫ [unsure of actual ring tone]

＜Kachink＞

“What is the matter with you?! I want to sue you!”

“That was too much, how can you hang up?! Let ME finish what I want to say! Now Saba……”

＜Kalak＞

I use all my strength and split that thing into two. The man with the Mohawk hairstyle was finally exterminated after some noisy interference sounds.

“Just what and what was that? Something about mackerel (Sabato sounds like mackerel in Japanese)……?”

“Sa-Sakura-kun……”

Shizuki seems uneasy and pokes my shoulder.

“It is alright, Shizuki-chan……”

I console Shizuki as I calm myself down, and then turn to face Shizuki.

“N-no, lo-look over there……”

She pulls my sleeve with a look that is troubled plus hesitant divided by two.

And so I looked in the direction that Shizuki pointed at.

That thing was undoubtedly an angel’s halo.

“Huh……?”

That thing is at the stairs of the dark room, coming from the passageway from the right hand side, slowly crawling up to here.

“That is……”

I can faintly see the circular horns and butter colored hair below the halo ring…… That is------

“Sabato-chan……!”

“Ah……!”

My eyes met with Sabato’s.

“Oh no! Huh……!?”

“Ah…… Excuse me. Sorry, coming through～”

The girl with a golden halo above her head finally reached our row (row J). She then bent down and used such a bewitching posture, that even we felt embarrassed just watching her, to apologize to the other people in the cinema and slowly came closer to us.

“Why did Sabato-chan appear here……!?”

Sabato stepped across Dokuro who did not move her legs as she was asleep, and once she got beside me, she began to catch her breath with a “siiiiiii”[feel free to use a better sound…] as if she was weeping.

“I finally found you, Sakura-san!!”

“Shhhhhhh------ Sabato-chan------!”

I raised my finger against Sabato who spoke loudly in response.

“Ah------ Sorry……!!”

Sabato squats down just like that, and lowers her volume. So I open my mouth to ask,

“What is the matter……? Could it be that Sabato-chan came here to watch the movie too?”

“What, what are you talking about!? Sabato is here today specially to……!”

”Sh------!”

”Ah……Sh……!”

As if under the guide of my finger, Sabato raised her finger too.

“……So? What are you here for?”

”Err, actually, Sabato is------“

“Sh------!”

"Ah……Sh……!”

Faking a cough softly, Sabato begins to explain.

”Err, actually------“

“Sh------!”

“Please be serious and listen to me!”

Tears begin to gather in Sabato’s eyes.

“Sabato came here today specially to kill someone!!”

”……The target?”

”……Target? Need you ask?!”

Sabato rubs the pitiful black eyebags below her eyes as usual.

“Sabato came here specially to kill Sakura-san!”

“Why are you bringing this up again……?”

“What’s wrong? Such a cold reply! It makes Sabato seem like a fool alone!”

“Sabato-chan, how many times must I tell you before you understand? I will definitely not become the kind of person that you want to kill!”

”You are sure to be one! Sakura-san’s lolicon reading has increased from now, and erm……!”

”Your voice is too loud, Sabato-chan! There have been a lot of people paying attention to us since just now!”

I used my right hand to cover Sabato's mouth, and then lowered my head gingerly.

"Hmph…… Not just that! Sabato, Sabato ever since that time, all because of Sakura-san……"

The hand used to cover Sabato's mouth was removed by Sabato's hands, and then the eyes that drooped with sleepiness began to shed tears.

"What……what happened to you!?"

"…… Sabato…… Sabato ever since that time, had to starve, living under that bridge, it was so cold and dark……"

I only realized it after hearing what she said. She was still wearing our school (St. Guernica's Academy) uniform which is red like wine. Could it be that------

"The suspicious character that was living under the bridge near the school recently…… that was Sabato-chan……"

"So please give your life to me! Once Sakura-san dies, Sabato can return to the future world, sleeping in a warm bed, eating delicious food! Don't be afraid, it will only hurt like hell, after that you won't feel a thing anymore!"

Sabato uses her hands to tightly hold onto her "Shock-baton------ Durandal" that can even toast a blue whale in an instant, then raises her chin to wipe her tears away and sucks in through her nose with a "siiiiii!"

"I don't want to!"

"Sakura-kun……!"

Shizuki who has been listening to the conversation without a sound grabs my arm tightly.

"Sakura-kun, are you going to be killed?"

"I hope that I can prevent myself from dying. But, this time I seem

to bear Sabato-chan's personal grudge too."

At this instant------

＜Zipak!＞

A blue spark pierced through the darkness within the cinema.

＜Zipak!＞

Sabato's shock-baton begins to give off electric sparks. Under the shine of the bluish white light, the pitiful black eye bags under Sabato's eyes made her expression become even more dangerous. I began to feel afraid.

"Wah------ This angel is serious! Oh, that's right!"

Why didn't I think of it sooner……!

"Dokuro-chan! Aren't you pestering me all the time just for critical moments like this!? Wake up! Just wake up will you------!!"

I grab Dokuro's shoulders and shake her violently, but------

"Why aren't you waking up?! Dokuro-chan! I am about to be killed!!"

"Errr…… Hmm……"

Dokuro frowns in irritation, and knocks my hand away roughly.

"Ouch!! Huh!? Do-Ku-Ro-Chan!?"

"Hohoho. It seems Sakura-san's fate is finally catching up! To want to wake Dokuro-chan up is just like switching on an author's computer, always making one feel uneasy!"

＜Zipak!＞

With a faint smile on her face, Sabato waves those electric sparks that even a generator made for science experiments, under the modifications of a highly interested science teacher is unable to create.

“Good bye…… Sakura-san……”

The shock baton swipes at me. I was stuck in my seat, unable to even stand up……!

“Adieu------(Note: French way of saying good bye)!!”

Sabato raises that ultimate shock baton up and lowers it to strike. There is no hope……!

“Wah------!!”

Humans……!

Humans, at the instant they are about to die, are said to be able to unleash the hidden abilities within each part of their body in order to avoid disaster……!

A foreigner wearing a black coat and sunglasses was able to do it! I saw that in a movie!

I believed in my instincts without a reason.

I can do it.

Up to this point…… Up to this point, anything that seems impossible becomes possible!

＜Huuuupak------!＞

Suddenly, everything around me seems to follow my rhythm, and becomes slow motion.

＜Pakpak……!＞

Coming at me from above, is Sabato’s Durandal that has sparks coming out from it like tiny bluish white snakes.

＜Pakpak……!＞

To my left is Shizuki. Scared by the sparks, she has closed her eyes to protect herself at the moment.

＜Pakpak……!＞

At this moment, I opened up my right hand slowly…… to block!

“N-no matter what you do, it is useless……!” the shocked Sabato says.

However, it was too late!

＜Pakpak……!＞

I aim my god-speed hands at Dokuro’s “Bust” without hesitation……!

Pulu.[sound of him doing you know what to her you know what]

The sensation that comes back from the nerves that touched her body.

Due to Dokuro’s small size, her most attractive feature is that pair of “Busts”, and at this moment they are being gently wrapped in my hands and attempting to bound off my hands in a lively manner.

Upon suffering from the direct hit of this happy texture, I used all my strength to withhold the “Yeah------ Yeah------“ shouts deep in my heart.

At the next instant, my palms begin to tremble like a scared tiny animal------

“Wah------!”

Dokuro’s body and throat begin to cramp, and give off a sound.

…… That is right, this is the…… weakness…… of Dokuro who doesn’t wake up no matter what……!!

If Zansu did not stop me this morning, I would have already used this dangerous method to wake Dokuro up……!

But, now……!

“Ah. Ah. Ahh……!” [first two dots are bigger ones]

Her eyes opened completely in an instant!..... I succeeded! Now I am saved!

But then Dokuro quietly, as if protecting herself, hugs her own body tightly and, as she shivers, she raises her eyeballs to stare at me.

"……Huh? Do-Dokuro-chan……?"

Dokuro's red and wet eyes seem to be saying that she just saw an unbelievable scene.

"!?"

My whole body shivers.

Those eyes were relaying the message of "don't look at me" in a unique manner.

Dokuro's eyes…… Do not even blink!!

At that instant, Dokuro's shock and embarrassment broke out completely.

"I hate you------!!!" [any better way to phrase this? I guess you know what she said]

Emotions that cannot be expressed through words were released in the form of a sharp scream…… And she used her right hand to hold her chest……!

"Wait……! But, doesn't Dokuro-chan always use that to press on me……!"

She holds Excaliblog in her left hand, motionless before the attack, and aims it straight for me.

"Huh------!?"

Just before I stumbled onto the ground, I saw Sabato who looks totally shocked!

Like a drowning man wanting to grab a piece of grass.

“Huh------!? (Sabato)”

The next instant.

Dok pak!!

Dokuro’s steel kanabo accurately pierced into the abdominal area of Sabato whom I used as my shield.

“Argh……!?”

In just an instant------

Sabato’s body became the point of impact and flew off softly, her angel ring ＜Kachuk!＞ and fell into the back cushion of my seat.

“Argh……!”

At the same time that Sabato presses onto me, I moan, and it was under the situation that I was half carrying her.

“Ah! What should we do! Sabato-chan……!!”

I shake Sabato’s body. It was useless, Sabato has fainted in such a manner that she cannot be revived.

“Sakura-kun…… Are you okay…… Wah!!”

Shizuki lowers her hands that were covering her face in fear and looks worriedly at Sabato who has fainted in my arms.

In order to put Shizuki at ease, I grabbed Sabato’s hand, and said as I shivered,

“……It seems slightly different from what I expected…… But…… At least……”

Even though she seems afraid of Sabato, who has her eyes rolled to show the white parts, she still replies,

“Is…… Is that so, that is good……”

“Yea, yeah…… In that instant I was still worried how things might

turn out……”

I push Sabato who is heavier than I expected away in a rough manner, and reply to Shizuki in a bitter manner,

“Well, at least we are safe……”

At that moment------

…… The reason I noticed that is because the air around Dokuro is flowing.

“…… Now”

I only dare to roll my eyes in that direction, to find Dokuro who is still in the seat, a murderous intent beginning to rise, and it forms the picture of the face of a demon in the air.

“Huh……?”

“Puu.” My head began to sweat like a fountain.

Even within the cinema, Dokuro shows an obvious shadow in her eyes. Her shivering right hand protectively presses against her chest, her left hand holding onto Excalibolg……

“Sa……Sakura-kun……!! You are the one who touched it right……? It was you who touched my…… my……!!”

Dokuro’s voice was trembling, her stuttering seems very strange too. Ripples began to form vigorously on the surface of the coke placed at the drink’s rack on the seat.

“This…… Wait a minute, Dokuro-chan!? That, that was because Dokuro-chan still refused to wake up at the critical moment, that is why……! Yes, that is it! It is all your fault Dokuro-chan, that is why I am forced to…… That is right! I was forced to! Argh……! …… It, it is true……! I really did not want to…… Ah…… Ahh! Hey, Dokuro-chan? This is the cinema, please be quiet! Even though it is already too late! The people are all gone! You see, this is all because we are too rude…… Sor, sorry! I am really sorry! Ah, look, Sabato-chan woke up! Sorry, for using you as my shield! Please let go!!

Ah------!! I finally survived after all these! I thought I would be saved! Let's…… Let's ignore the other things!! So Dokuro-chan, please don't use that! Don't use that……Wa!"

Pipirupirupirupipirupi～

5 [edit]

"Hey, Sakura-kun! Don't sleep! Wake up! Hey, wake up and play with me!"

The sight of Shizuki's back appears in my mind and a sigh comes out automatically from deep within my throat.

"Sigh……"

"Sakura-kun～"

Lying on the blanket since morning until now, I was vigorously being shaken by Dokuro with a force comparable to a level eight earthquake.

After that------

We offered the weak and fainted Sabato as a tribute to the one in charge of the cinema, and escaped from there.

In whole, the date was a failure. ("Date Complete. Failure!" the special effects wordings appear)

And all that ruckus that happened in the cinema ends there……

"Sigh～ Where did it go……"

The tiny box in my pocket disappeared.

I give off such a super big sigh that even my soul almost seems to be squeezed out with it.

…… That must look very compatible with Shizuki.

"That is enough, Sakura-kun, you have been sighing all up till now!

That way, your good luck is going to run off!”

“Dokuro-chan, don’t talk about it! And don’t wear so little and run everywhere!”

After saying the words that I do not even understand myself, I pull my blankets. In other words, this is all Dokuro’s fault.

“Huh～ But I don’t want to sleep yet! Wake up! I am so bored alone! Yaha------“

“Wah!!”

The angry Dokuro jumps onto my body. I wriggle like a prawn curling up, and return to normal together with my blanket. Dokuro continues to shake around on the blanket, moving her weight that is just nice.

“Then let me read a book for Sakura-kun to hear!”

Suddenly stopping the movements above me, Dokuro opens up my blanket to see my face. My heart feels warm from it. That is because I recall when I was little, the times my mother always read a book for me before sleeping.

Once I open my eyes, to the light coming from the circular lamp at the ceiling, Dokuro’s face appears, opposing that light. [looks like light shining from behind her? Not sure the actual way to translate it] I rub my eyes, and look at Dokuro.

“Hmm…… If that is the case, it is still acceptable…… What book are you going to read?”

“Err…… A Dog (Note: The anime “A Dog of Flanders”, Taiwan translates it to Nello and his loyal dog or Nello and Patrasche) [actual text she says “Err…… Nello and…….” Here]……”

Dokuro seems like a happy kitten that wants to play a prank, and takes the book out of the bookshelf. However, Dokuro makes a special choice. The book name is A Dog…… [Actual text is “The book name is Nello and……”]

“Slave……” [actual text Dog Slave, put together makes Nello and his Dog Slave]

“What!?”

”I shall begin reading!”

”Wait, wait a minute!? What did you just say!?”

”A long long time ago, in a certain place, there was a boy called Long Long and a dog called Patrasche.”

”Yes…… yes.”

Dokuro places the opened book on her legs, and like a mother, puts her emotions into it and starts reading.

“Ah------♥ No! Patrasche……Patrasche!”

“Wah! What are you reading?! Is that really a normal dog? Don’t play a fool, Dokuro-chan! I won’t be able to sleep like this!”

“Woof------ Woof------ Master, I am a dog……”

“Stop it Dokuro-chan! Please, just go and sleep……”

Inside the bathroom decorated with pink tiles and with a lot of steam------

Shizuki wipes her face with both her hands, and breathes out.

Then, once again placing her body into the bathtub up to her shoulders, she looks at the ceiling becoming clouded with steam, thinking back on all the things that had happened today.

Once she closes her eyes, she gives off a long sigh.

Shizuki takes in air again, and looks at her left hand, stretched from

the bathtub and clenched into a fist. And, before her own eyes, she slowly straightens her fingers.

In her palm, lies a little silver ring that is soaking wet.

When they were escaping from the cinema, a tiny box fell out from Sakura's pocket.

She picked it up, and wanted to call out to Sakura, but her voice was stuck in her throat.

Because the cover was open.

Inside the box, was a ring that she had always dreamt of having.

After inhaling in the steam, under the natural echoing effects of a bathroom, Shizuki said------

"Sakura-kun is one------big------idiot."